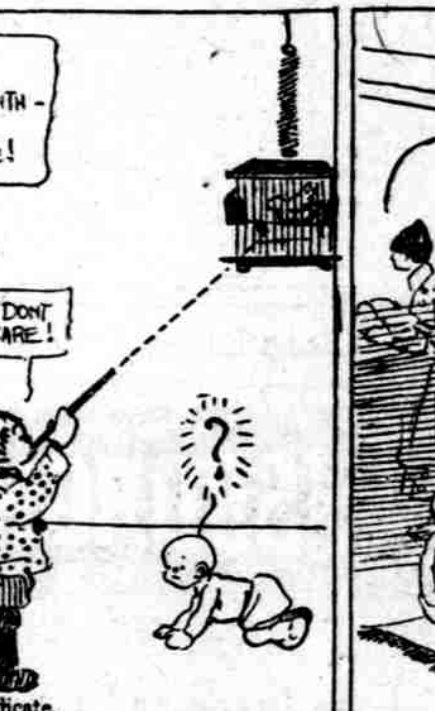


## HERE'S A BRAND NEW FUNNY PICTURE SERIES

H  
O  
M  
E  
W  
A  
N  
T  
E  
D



Copyright, 1913, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

## SOCIETY CHRONICLES

## SANDMAN STORIES

## JULIA MURDOCK'S GOSSIP

## Miss Eleanor Wilson At Ball Game, Goes to Park With the President

Said To Be Great Enthusiast and Familiar With Inside Points of Playing.

MISS ELEANOR WILSON is with her father this afternoon at the baseball game. She is said to be a great enthusiast over the game, and to thoroughly understand all of its delicate points. Miss Margaret Wilson will return to Washington this afternoon from a short visit in New York, where much of her time has been spent in connection with her work in reference to having the schools opened for social entertainment of children and parents. At 5 o'clock this afternoon, Mrs. Wilson will follow her usual custom and will receive a few people by special appointment, the event being quite informal. Miss Wilson will be with Mrs. Wilson during her receiving time, and Miss Hager will pour tea at the daintily laid table in the red parlor.

Mrs. Richmond Pearson Hobson, wife of Congressman Hobson, will be hostess at a tea this afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Franklin Haven, and the Misses Endicott, of Boston, who are spending some time at the New Willard.

Countess de Peretti de la Rocca, wife of the counselor of the French embassy, and Mrs. John W. Dwight will pour for Mrs. Hobson, whose guests will include Mrs. Thomas H. Marshall, a number of women from the Cabinet circle, and from resident and official society.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page have as house guests, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Johnson, of Philadelphia, for whom they entertained at dinner last night. They will also entertain a dinner company in compliment to their guests tonight.

The date set for the marriage of Miss Feroline Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cleveland Perkins, and Capt. Robert Wallach, U. S. A., is May 15, and the event will take place at St. John's Episcopal Church on Lafayette Square, at high noon. The Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of the church, will officiate, and following the ceremony there will be a breakfast, and the wedding journey of Captain Wallach and his bride will end at Fort Ethan Allen, where he is stationed.

The Chief of Staff, U. S. A., Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood and Mrs. Wood have sent out cards for a reception in honor of the Secretary of War and Mrs. Garrison on April 16.

An engagement just announced in Baltimore, but of particular interest here, is that of Miss Olga Smolinoff, daughter of the late Count Smolinoff, of St. Petersburg, Russia, and granddaughter of the late Major James F. Hill, of this city, to Lucien Hill, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jerome K. Hill, of St. Louis.

The marriage will take place in Washington at the end of this month, and will be attended only by a family party. Miss Smolinoff made her debut in Baltimore at the first Monday German, two years ago, and is exceedingly popular there.

Mr. Hill is also making his home in Baltimore just now, and is a member of several prominent clubs there, though his address is divided between Pittsburgh and New York. The bride's family is among the best known of the old Washington families.

Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood will receive tomorrow afternoon and all of the Friday afternoon during April at her home, 1619 Rhode Island avenue, and will have with her her house guest, Mrs. James B. Montgomery, of Portland, Ore.

Joseph Leiter has gone to Chicago to remain for a short time.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall will be guests of honor at a dinner to-night with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont as hosts.

Captain Vassiloff, Russian naval attaché, is spending a few days in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Wood are entertaining for a few days James R. Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Garfield.



MISS NATALIE SUTHERLAND.

Miss Natalie Sutherland, daughter of the new Congressman from West Virginia and Mrs. Sutherland, is a sophomore at Vassar College, and is one of the charming additions to the younger set in Congressional circles. Congressmen and Mrs. Sutherland and their family are established at the Highlands for the remainder of the season.

The College Women's Club will have a benefit at the Columbia Theater Wednesday evening, April 23, for a fund for club rooms. Mrs. Dana Durand, the vice president, has charge of the sale of the boxes, Mrs. Celia Mayne Nye is chairman of the ticket committee, and tickets may now be exchanged at the box office.

Major von Horwath, German Military Attaché and Mme. von Horwath, and their little daughter, went to New York today and on Saturday, from where the latter will sail for Germany on the same ship which carries Countess von Bernstorff. Major von Horwath will return to Washington with the ambassador.

The German Ambassador and Countess von Bernstorff left Washington today for New York, from where the latter will sail for Germany on Saturday. The ambassador will return to Washington on Sunday, and the last of June, after settling the embassy at Newport for the summer, will join his family in Germany for the rest of the season.

Mr. Hill is also making his home in Baltimore just now, and is a member of several prominent clubs there, though his address is divided between Pittsburgh and New York. The bride's family is among the best known of the old Washington families.

Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood will receive tomorrow afternoon and all of the Friday afternoon during April at her home, 1619 Rhode Island avenue, and will have with her her house guest, Mrs. James B. Montgomery, of Portland, Ore.

Joseph Leiter has gone to Chicago to remain for a short time.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall will be guests of honor at a dinner to-night with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont as hosts.

Captain Vassiloff, Russian naval attaché, is spending a few days in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Wood are entertaining for a few days James R. Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Garfield.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Wood are entertaining for a few days James R. Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Garfield.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Wood are entertaining for a few days James R. Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Garfield.

## New President of Congressional Club Is Hostess to Retiring Presiding Officer.

Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, wife of Senator Fletcher of Florida, recently made president of the Congressional Club, was hostess today at one of the largest luncheons of the season, entertaining nearly all of the members of the Congressional Club, and a distinguished body of women including Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice President; wives of the Cabinet members, and others to the number of nearly two hundred.

The event was in honor of Mrs. Ernest W. Roberts, wife of Congressman Roberts of Massachusetts, who has just retired as president of the club, and the women who were on Mrs. Roberts' executive board, and chairmen of her different committees.

The Congressional Club was made gay with branches of peach, apple and pear blossoms, with a relief of palms and ferns and Southern smilax, while the long table from which the buffet luncheon was served was decorated with baskets of pink and white tulips. An orchestra played throughout the evening.

Assisting Mrs. Fletcher in her hospitality, which served to bring dozens of Southern women in close contact with women in official life from all quarters of the country, were Mrs. Charles E. Townsend, of Michigan; Mrs. Edward T. Taylor, of Colorado; Mrs. Lemuel P. Padgett, of Tennessee; Mrs. Thelus W. Sims, of Tennessee; Mrs. Charles R. Davis, of Minnesota; Mrs. John N. Cannon, of Texas, and Mrs. William G. Sharp, of Ohio.

Mrs. John B. Henderson was to have assisted Mrs. Fletcher in the entertainment of her guests, but was detained from doing so on account of the serious illness of General Henderson.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, wife of the Secretary of State, was the guest for whom Mrs. Hamilton Wright entertained guests at luncheon today. Other members of the party were Mrs. John W. Foster, Mrs. Stephen B. Ayres, Mrs. James W. Pinchot, Mrs. Albert Covington, Mrs. Powell Clayton, Mrs. Miss Cullen, and Mrs. Thomas F. Richardson.

Mr. von Bulow, German attaché, left Washington today for New York, preparatory to sailing on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Glaser will be at home Sunday, April 12, at 232 Eighteenth street northwest, from 7 to 9 p. m. in honor of their silver wedding anniversary.

Mrs. L. F. Powell, of Richmond, Va., and her two young sons have arrived in Washington and are visiting Mrs. Powell's aunt, Mrs. Fred Bell, at 1126 Columbia road.

Nelson B. Bell is spending the week in Atlantic City.

Mrs. L. F. Powell, of Richmond, Va., and her two young sons have arrived in Washington and are visiting Mrs. Powell's aunt, Mrs. Fred Bell, at 1126 Columbia road.

Nelson B. Bell is spending the week in Atlantic City.

Mrs. L. F. Powell, of Richmond, Va., and her two young sons have arrived in Washington and are visiting Mrs. Powell's aunt, Mrs. Fred Bell, at 1126 Columbia road.

Nelson B. Bell is spending the week in Atlantic City.

## For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

## THE PINK AND BLUE EGGS

"TELL you I saw them with my own eyes," said old white hen, standing on one foot with her neck outstretched and her bill wide open. "One was pink and the other was blue. They were just like any other egg as far as size, but the color—think of it—pink and blue eggs. Whoever could have laid them?" Old white hen looked from one to the other of the group of hens and chickens as they stood around her.

"Well, I know that I didn't," said speckled hen. "You needn't look at me," said brown hen. "I lay large white eggs, and you know it, every one of you. They are the best eggs in the yard, if I do say it."

"Oh! I would not say that," said white hen. "You seem to forget that the largest egg ever seen in this yard was laid by me, and it was a little on the brown color; white eggs are all well enough, but give me a brown tone for beauty."

"You never laid such a large egg as that but once," replied brown hen, "and everybody thought it was a freak egg, so the least said about it the better, it seems to me."

"It is plain to understand how you feel about 'that egg,'" said white hen, "but it does not help us to find out who laid the blue and pink eggs."

One after another they flew to the top of the barrel and looked in the window at the eggs white hen told them of. It was all too true; the eggs were blue and pink.

"Peep, peep, peep, peep, we want to see the blue and pink eggs, too," cried the chickens. "We never saw any and we want to look at them."

"Oh, dear, why did I talk before them?" said brown hen. "They will be so quiet unless they see, and how in the world shall I get them up to that window?"

"Did it ever occur to you not to give them everything they cry for?" said white hen. "Say no once in a while; it will save a lot of trouble."

"I cannot bear to deny the little darlings anything," said brown hen, chuckling her little head and trying to quiet them.

"Well, you better begin now, for this is one of the things you will not be able to do," said white hen, strutting over to the dog-house to tell the story of the blue and pink eggs to Towser.

"Wouldn't it be just too awful if the master puts those eggs in one of our nests?" asked white hen, when she had finished her story.

"Oh—oh," laughed Towser, "that is a good joke on you; don't know your own eggs when you see them."

"Where did you see them?" asked speckled hen.

"On the table, by the window, of the farmhouse," said old white hen. "I flew up on a barrel that stood under the window, and then I stretched my neck and looked in the window, and there on the table, in a little basket, I saw those strange-looking eggs."

"Perhaps the master had bought them for some one of us to sit on and hatch white," said brown hen.



Then I stretched my neck and looked in.

"I am sure I will not hatch them," said speckled hen. "I would look funny hatching around here with a blue and pink chick beside me, and I a speckled hen. Not I will not mother fancy-colored chicks; the master can find another hen to do that."

"You do not think for a minute that I would do such a thing, I hope," said brown hen. "I only mentioned the fact that the master might have such an idea, but as for mixing up colors I guess not. My little yellow darlings shall not be disgraced by a blue and pink chick running with them."

"Perhaps white hen is color blind," said speckled hen. "The eggs she saw to be white after all."

"If you doubt my word or my sight go and look for yourselves," said white hen, holding her head high. "You will find a blue and a pink egg just as I told you."

Off ran speckled hen and brown hen, followed by many others, and all the chicks in the yard.

"Don't tell me I laid those fancy-colored eggs," said white hen, looking around to see if any of her companions were within hearing distance. "I know I never did."

"But you did," said Towser, laughing again. "I heard the master say to my little mistress, 'If you want eggs to color for Easter take the ones that white hen laid; they are not so large as the others, and I cannot sell them so well.'"

"Towser, if you will never mention what you have just told me I will tell you where I saw a great big bone this morning," said white hen. "I was saving it for myself. I like to pick at one once in a while, but you shall have it if you promise to keep secret what you just told me."

Towser promised, and white hen showed where it was hidden.

A few days after brown hen said, "I wonder when master is going to bring out those fancy eggs. If he leaves them in the house much longer no one will be able to hatch them."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you that those eggs were not real eggs after all," said white hen, "but only Easter eggs for the master's little girl to play with, so we had all our work for nothing. Towser told her, but don't say a word to him, for I did not let on that we were worried, and didn't know they were only make-believe eggs; he thinks he is no wise, you know, it would never do to let him know how we were fooled."

Tomorrow's story: "The Wise Old Gander."

Women Avoid Poisons!

Trye's Antiseptic is a household necessity. It is a powerful germicide and disinfectant. It is used by the best physicians and is recommended by the authorities. It is used by the best physicians and is recommended by the authorities. It is used by the best physicians and is recommended by the authorities.

## Hitchin's Play Is Pronounced Splendid Reproduction of Life of Arabian Desert.

REPORT from time to time has reached Washington regarding the wonders of the production of "The Garden of Allah," the play made from Robert Hichin's novel of that name, by the author himself and Mary Anderson Navarro. Washington will see for itself next week in the National Theater this play which has been the talk of New York for more than a year, and which, according to those who have seen it, cannot be talked of in too extravagant superlatives. It is one of those plays in which words are but inadequately convey to the mind what the eye alone can realize.

All the tremendous resources of modern spectacular art have been drawn upon to furnish this picture of Oriental life in its picturesqueness, its reality, its beauty and its magnificence, and the result is such a one as the stage has not often before witnessed in its opulence of luxury and effect. It is the Arabian life of the desert itself transported, as though by the magic art of one of the geni of The Arabian Nights, to our own door.

The prologue strikes the keynote of this spectacle. A caravan is making its way across the desert in the misty, early dawn, and the faint light, with a pale star showing, carries out the picture of a caravan of the desert. The caravan is made up of the men, women and children of the tribe, some walking, some riding camels and horses, the asses and goats of the train driven on, with the dogs snapping and snarling at their heels, the noise of a caravan deadened in the distance, is really unusual. Only the sound of the band is heard with weird effect.

The great sandstorm in this desert is one of the most impressive scenes of the production, with its rush and sweep, its resistless force pouring down in the sandy torrent which threatens to engulf and destroy all before, the wild terror of its coming—such a scene as one has often read of, but never been able to picture, is here before one's bodily eyes in what is a veritable triumph of stage construction in so closely imitating one of the greatest natural phenomena of the earth.

Contrasting with the dreary stretch of sand and the terrifying storms of the desert is the life next pictured of the Oasis of Beni-Mora. In contrast with the first scene, that of a hotel veranda, with its more civilized attraction, is the next of a night scene in the street of the Oasis of Beni-Mora, one of the most famous and most wonderful scenes in the play. This odd name applies to a wild native picturesque crowd, the peddlers shouting their wares and the dance halls with screeching instruments calling attention. The next brings the scene into the interior of one of these halls, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

Next comes the morning of desolation. The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.

The scene is set in the interior of a hall, and here the Oriental realism of the drama reaches its height. The natives, in their gaudy dresses, are watching the dancing girls, beating time, using hands and feet, till the excitement culminates in a fierce fight over one of the dancers, ending with a mad rush to escape the passion—excitement enough to furnish forth a dozen ordinary scenes of the kind.



DOROTHY DONNELLY.

garden of Count Antoni, in the oasis, and here the setting, while quite as remarkable from a stage standpoint as the other, is exquisite in its tropical beauty. It is radiant with great waving palms, gorgeous flowers of the tropics, with the gleam and the murmur of running water through the luxuriance, while in the far distance, seen through the trees, are the grimaces and barrenness of the desert. It is in the second part of this scene that the remarkable sandstorm occurs.

Next comes the morning of desolation, with the sand piled in waves and billows, with its terrible suggestion of what is buried beneath; then the Trappist monastery, to which the fallen monk returns for his penance, and the episode shows the magnificent garden of Count Antoni from another view. The whole gives what is declared to be an accurate view of the life of the desert, and the stage is crowded with native Arabs, Algerian dancing girls, camels, a troupe of other animals, and effects brought from the region itself.

The story follows the novel, and tells the tale of a monk in a Trappist monastery, who breaks his vows and escapes to the desert. He meets a beautiful English woman who knows nothing of his former state. In the dancing halls of the street of the Oasis he saves her in the confusion which follows the fight, falls in love with her and finally marries her, she all unconscious of his religious vows. They live in the desert, lost to the world, until chance leads to the spot one who recognizes the former monk. All is revealed to the horrified wife, who hesitates not a moment in recalling him to his duty, and herself leads him back to the monastery, where she leaves him to repentance and returns her own duty done.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

## Realistic Settings Bring the Weird Wonders of Orient to the American Stage.

ing palms, gorgeous flowers of the tropics, with the gleam and the murmur of running water through the luxuriance, while in the far distance, seen through the trees, are the grimaces and barrenness of the desert. It is in the second part of this scene that the remarkable sandstorm occurs.

Next comes the morning of desolation, with the sand piled in waves and billows, with its terrible suggestion of what is buried beneath; then the Trappist monastery, to which the fallen monk returns for his penance, and the episode shows the magnificent garden of Count Antoni from another view. The whole gives what is declared to be an accurate view of the life of the desert, and the stage is crowded with native Arabs, Algerian dancing girls, camels, a troupe of other animals, and effects brought from the region itself.

The story follows the novel, and tells the tale of a monk in a Trappist monastery, who breaks his vows and escapes to the desert. He meets a beautiful English woman who knows nothing of his former state. In the dancing halls of the street of the Oasis he saves her in the confusion which follows the fight, falls in love with her and finally marries her, she all unconscious of his religious vows. They live in the desert, lost to the world, until chance leads to the spot one who recognizes the former monk. All is revealed to the horrified wife, who hesitates not a moment in recalling him to his duty, and herself leads him back to the monastery, where she leaves him to repentance and returns her own duty done.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

JULIA MURDOCK.

## HOME WORKERS' MARKET PLACE

The purpose of this section is to make it possible for women in occupations which they carry on at home to offer, first hand and at a low advertising cost to them, various articles of handicraft, needlework, home made delicacies, confections, personal service, etc., to Times readers. The offers here made to you, the readers of The Times, may include just the very thing you have wanted and looked for in vain. Samples of all goods advertised in this section may be seen and bought at Room 425 Munsey Building, where the Polly Prim exhibition is now being held.

<p><b>CROCHETING.</b></p> <p>CROCHETED COLLARS my specialty; also tatting. Address 1206 Rhode Island ave. N. E. N. 638.</p> <p>MAGNIFICENT CROCHET BED SPREAD: 4 yards wide, can be seen at 1225 1/2 St. N. W.</p> <p>EMBROIDERY and crocheting; evening caps in gold, coral or satin; centerpieces, etc.; reasonable. Tel. N. 24. 118 St. N. W.</p> <p>CROCHETING handbags or worsted work. See expert or apply F. P. A. 4140 N. W.</p> <p>ASK TO SEE my crocheted work at ROOM 425 Munsey Bldg. F. D.</p>	<p><b>HAND-PAINTED CHINA.</b></p> <p>ORDERS for hand-painted china and firing the 1000. Mrs. RENSILAW, 1201 Irving.</p> <p>NATURALISTIC WORK my specialty; can be seen at public chambers Wednesday and Saturday; prices reasonable. Mrs. SPRUCE, RAN. 202 and St. E.</p> <p><b>HAND-PAINTED CHINA:</b> work guaranteed; china painted; classes afternoon and evening. 320 N. Hampshire ave. N. W. Col. 329.</p> <p><b>CHINA PAINTING and firing.</b> Direct imported white china, decorated stock, on hand; large lots. P. M. 223. Address 1213 F. at N. W.</p> <p><b>10 LESSONS, \$2.50,</b> including use of palette and brushes. Monday and Thursday, 7 to 11 and 1 to 4; also orders taken. 208 1/2 St. N. W.</p>
<p><b>LACE CURTAINS.</b></p> <p>ATLANTIC hand made lace curtains, over 7 yards long, on exhibit, Room 425. Price, \$5.</p>	<p><b>ADDRESSING ENVELOPES.</b></p> <p>ADDRESSING envelopes a specialty; no contract too large; prices reasonable. 1541 1/2 St. N. W.</p> <p><b>PRESERVES.</b></p> <p>At J. KINER'S preserves and jellies at reasonable prices; see exhibit at 425 Munsey Bldg., or 342 First ave. N. W.</p> <p><b>HOME-MADE preserves and jellies.</b> can be seen or bought at display room. Apply 111 4th St. S. E. Phone Line, 288 M.</p>
<p><b>EMBROIDERING.</b></p> <p>Hand embroidered articles, including shirt waists, bureau scarfs, towels, aprons, and ladies' underwear, reasonable prices. 101 U. St. N. E.</p>	<p><b>RUGS.</b></p> <p>HANDMADE RUG RUGS and linoleum; reasonable prices; see exhibit. Address 101 1/2 St. N. W.</p>
<p><b>MILLINERY.</b></p> <p>MILLINER with experience will make your old hat over, new hair trimmed; mourning hats to order. 227 N. St. N. W.</p> <p>MILLINER: stylish, artistic, home or out; moderate; also millinery lessons. 1541 1/2 St. N. W.</p>	<p><b>CONFECTIONS.</b></p> <p>HOME MADE BREAD, pies, doughnuts, hot rolls, cakes and salads; to order and delivery. N. 108. 1209 F. at N. W.</p> <p><b>CAKES, PIES, BREAD and ice cream.</b> OTTO MOHLER, 104 10th St. N. W. Phone M. 1434. Orders Delivered.</p>
<p><b>SAVING AMERICAN BEAUTIES.</b> violet bouquet, hand made, on exhibition; any satin flowers made to order. 322 1/2 St. N. W.</p>	<p><b>COACHING.</b></p> <p>EXPERT COACHING on ground and stage school subjects; tuition of pupils. 313-315 FIFTH ST. N. E. Phone 112.</p>
<p><b>DRESSMAKING.</b></p> <p>SHIRT WAISTS, 1-piece house dresses, undergarments made at reasonable prices. 313-315</p>	